

National Youngsters Are Suffering From Stiffness After Practice Workouts

NATIONALS STEFF AFTER WORKOUTS

Despite General Ryan's Caution Youngsters Play Too Hard in Yesterday's Practice.

By "SENATOR."

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., March 4.—One day of practice in the open air has been sufficient to bring a collection of stiff legs, tender hands, and lame wings of exuberance of youth being responsible for it all. Irrespective of the harsh orders of the veteran coach, Jack Ryan, and the repeated cautions of the safe and sane trainer, Mike Martin, those youngsters with the Climbers of 1913 just would test their strength of arm and leg, and today when they marched off toward Lambeth Field most of them were easily limping, and the rest walked along soberly, not skipping and jumping as they had the first day. They have begun their real hard work—that's all.

One day's work-out, though, has impressed Jack Ryan with the bright prospects of the squad. He declared that never in all his experience has he seen such a likely looking bunch of green youngsters as Clark Griffith has collected this year.

"I'm glad Griffith has the task of picking out the regulars from this bunch and those others due here for their work tomorrow," the veteran told the writer this morning. "It's not going to be an easy task. Hardly a lad in all this crowd but what has marks of promise in him."

"I took particular pains to watch young Williams yesterday. Do you know, he resembles Buck Weaver, in looks and action, enough to be his brother. He has the same wonderful iron arm, the strong arm that goes with sheer youth. Though not working out before, he seemed to get the ball off to first on a line. It takes some arm to do that."

Infield Covers Ground.

The misty infield, organized on the spur of the moment by Jack Ryan, manages to cover plenty of ground. Joe Boehling and "Dutch" Munch took turns holding down the initial corner. Zack Erhart and young Rebel Williams cover second. Bill Morley, the 190-pound speed merchant, moves around the shortstop if it belonged to him, and Joe Gedeon and Williams took turns at third base. It was while Williams was officiating at the heated corner that he opened Ryan's eyes with his whip.

While it is hardly to be expected that the green lads here now are going to beat out the veterans for all the positions, the youngsters really look good enough to warrant their being held by the "Old Fox," at least for some time. Certainly the battle for second base is going to be a sizzler from the drop of the hat.

Today, as yesterday, the squad paraded two seasons of the hardest kind of practice. Ryan opened the work with keeping them jolting the ball from one to another until all were ready. Then came the pitchers for their turns against the batters. Every member of the squad stepped up to the plate and taking a crack at the ball. When all the pitchers had been given a workout, the youngsters went to the outfielders and the gingery infield workout commenced, quite the most interesting part of all.

Likes Williams.

"Who is that lad on third?" asked "Pop" Lannigan, the crafty trainer of the University of Virginia athletes. "Williams, a green boy," was the reply.

"Well, he may be green, but he certainly looks like a ball player," said Lannigan. "I've seen a lot of others in the squad here, too, and George McKelvey is going to realize that he will need all his veterans skill to keep his place in a year or so. It has to be said that with Bill Morley, this former member of the varsity team at the University of Mississippi goes about his work in a deadly fashion, using nothing, but doing a whole lot. Though tipping the scales around 190 pounds, Morley has plenty of speed, and against the early twirling drive drives the ball on a line. Indeed, he looks like the real thing."

Calvo's Good Eye.

Jaime Calvo, the youthful Cuban, who made such a surge against the White Elephants this winter while playing with the Almendares, one of the strongest teams in Cuba, is in perfect shape now and his good eye at bat is noticeable. He has a healthy swing at the plate and kept the pitchers busy chasing his drives to the garden though hardly more than a boy, Calvo has all the earmarks of a corner. Badmouther Acosta, the newest "milk bottle kid" of the outfit, handles himself like a veteran in the field, and because of his being in shape, right now, managed to outclass most of the others at the bat. He is agile as any cricket, and is constantly moving around. He had a great time running around the bases after sending out one of his drives to the field.

"Joe Gedeon, the San Francisco outfielder, is going to be one of the most dangerous threats here," Frank LaPorte and Ray Morgan. He played the outfield most of the time last season on the coast, but he says that he is really an infielder. He proved it, too, by holding down third base in an acceptable manner.

Jack Erhart, bowed of legs and with a close hair cut, is a chunky lad who looks as if he had been in a fair share of work behind the bat and step like a lot of work last night.

Getting In Supplies.

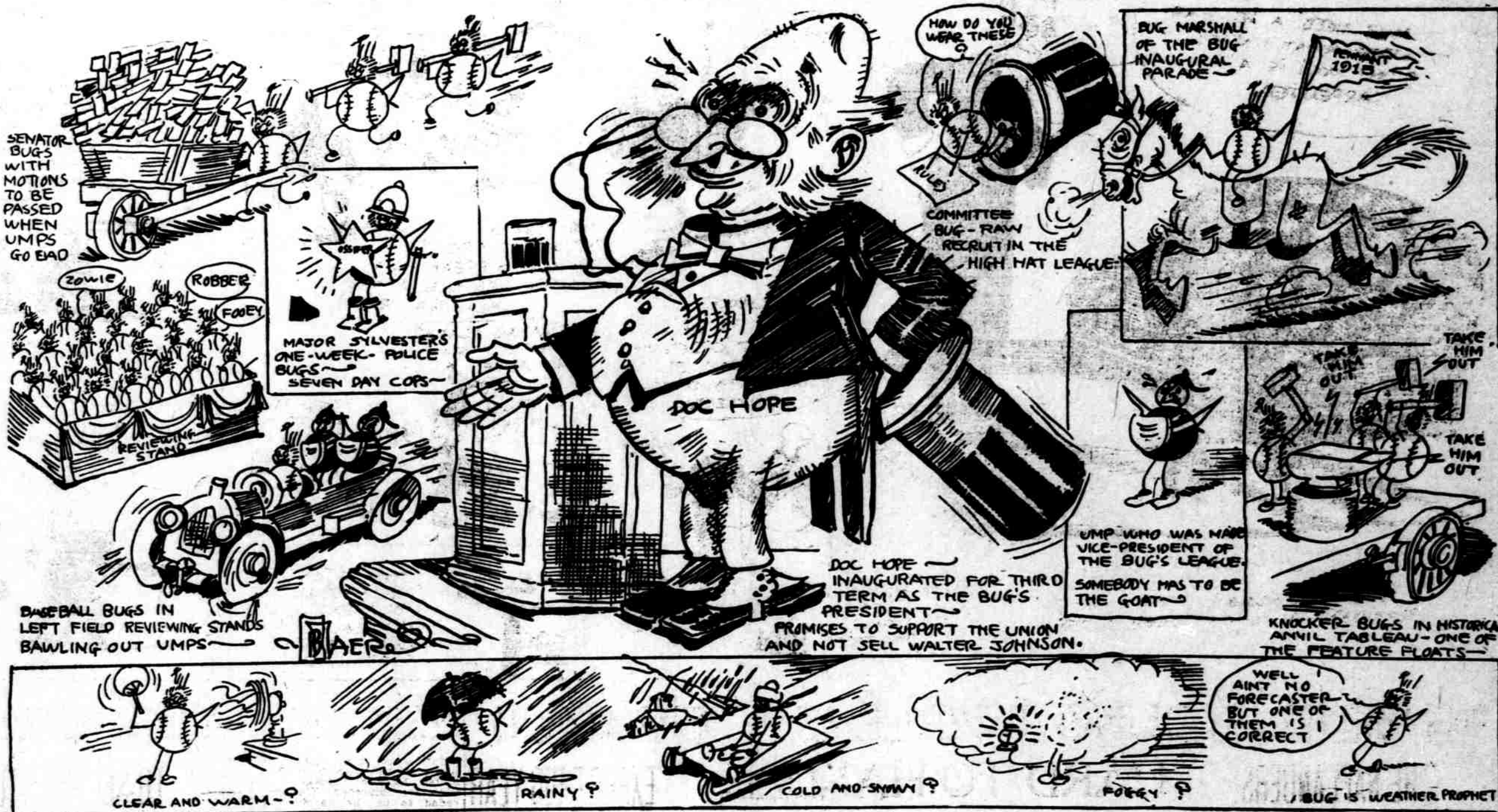
Many of the youngsters here failed to provide themselves with suitable clothing and the sporting goods houses of Charlottesville have benefited thereby. Acosta and Calvo nearly froze last Sunday, and yesterday they rushed off to get themselves sweaters. Acosta left his baseball shoes in Havana and so he had to fit himself to a pair of the latest models. Both boys are suffering from slight colds as a result of their sudden change from a tropical climate to a Virginia March.

"Dutch" Munch was so anxious to come down here that he had to leave the big leaguers that he left his shoes at home and has written for them. He is running around in a pair of white sneakers, risking a bad cold on the camp ground.

Rebel Williams must have caught his train with nothing to spare, for he left his sweater hanging on a door knob at home. He has borrowed one of the club's sweaters until his owner, Danny Moeller, shows up here to wear it tomorrow.

The San has been placed on cigarettes in the training camp. Jack Ryan gave the youngsters a short address last night, cautioning them against the white sticks. Most of the boys are not users of tobacco, but some smoke cigars. Young Williams is sporting a corn-cob pipe, while Morley has a beautiful briar. "Dutch" Munch, the referee from Texas, has had to cut out cigarettes, though he put up a struggle.

"Doc" Hope Makes Inaugural Address As President of 1913 Baseball Season



CUBAN PLAYERS ARE PRAISED BY WRITERS

Acosta and Calvo Do Not Speak English, But Are Welcomed Into Climbers' Fold.

By "SENATOR."

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., March 4.—If good words count for anything, the Climbers have found two wonderful performers in Jaime Calvo and Badmouther Acosta, the two Cuban youths who are candidates for the outfield at Florida avenue this season. They were already at the team's headquarters when the vanguard under command of Gen. J. Ryan arrived and they lost no time fraternizing with the lads from Washington.

Calvo, who has finished the winter season in Havana with a batting average of .357, attracted the most attention from the newcomers and his modest demeanor made a decided impression upon the other candidates for the team. He smiled and shook hands and smiled again, his command of English not yet being of the best. But his smiles look good and he is now one of the lads. Acosta, who has just passed his sixteenth birthday, his father, being mayor of Marinero, Cuba, declaring him a minor on that account, reminds one of a diminutive Hal Chase. He has somewhat similar features, slightly smaller, and moves around just as nimbly.

As a bodyguard the two lads are accompanied by Victor Munoz, the Tim Murnane of baseball in Havana, and Joe Massaguer, another expert writer on our great national game. These two estimable gentlemen act as interpreters for the two young players and also see that their praises are sung in the right tone.

Impressive Chap.

However, these two young Cubans are impressive. They throw from the off-side and bat the same way. Each is seen at once to be intelligent to a high degree and their excellent lineage cannot be hidden. They are high grade lads in every particular.

The first thing Calvo and Acosta did on arriving at the camp was to ask to look over the array of wagon tongues sent down here by Mike Martin, safe with the healthy-looking drivers in the bat box and tried them all, each and every one of them.

Calvo uses an unusually long bat, but it is light, and it may be a little short. They swung a few around in an impressive manner, to the great edification of Jack Ryan, whose experienced eye saw considerable in their business-like style with the bat.

"Calvo speaks a little English, but not much," explained Munoz. "However, he is intelligent and by the end of the season should be able to talk it as well as he does his Spanish. He has a good education in the Cuban tongue."

Talks With Signs.

"As for Acosta, he is still a mere boy and can't talk more than a few words of English. But mixing with the other players will teach him plenty for ordinary use. He can make out what he means, anyway, with the sign language, which is universal as everybody knows."

Then Munoz and Massaguer told all the youngsters about the two youthful proteges, explaining how they work with veteran players on the base lines, how they cover the infield, and how they play the outfield, how they cover areas and acres of ground in the field, and how they are today the most promising young players on the island to the south of us.

"Munoz is responsible for Calvo," explained Munoz, "and Almeida brought Acosta from the amateur teams to the professionals in Havana. They will follow the doing of these boys from the start to the finish. Griffith is responsible for the Cubans in Cincinnati entering the big league, and they feel that they cannot do enough for him, in return, as a partial payment, they send him Calvo and Acosta, feeling certain that the 'Old Fox' will give them thorough trials."

BINGLES AND BUNT'S

By Grantland Rice

Col. Lillian Russell may have the correct dope upon "how to live 100 years."

But Prof. Wagner has her beaten. The subject of his next address will be "How to Bat .300 for 100 years."

It's a peculiar feature of the game how the Batting Eye lasts beyond all other ingredients which figure in the athlete's make-up. Long after the arms and legs are barely hanging on to the system by a strip of decayed skin, the Whaling Orb is still agile in all its pristine fury.

Mike Donlin is an up-to-date example. Michael, always robust with the bat, quits the game for a spell and decides to return. After a long lay-off, wherein the arm and leg have absorbed rust in the main hinge, he still winds up the season with a batting average of .315. Last season he slipped by the .300 mark again; and now they have him pointed in the direction of the Bush, but still bearing a renowned Batting Eye along.

Line up many of the great batsmen of the game. Cobb led the South Atlantic his second year out before coming to the American; Jackson and Speaker, in turn, led the Southern. They picked up in the American where they left off in the minors, whaling big league pitching as easily as they climbed into the minor league smoke before they arrived.

Nap Lajoie and Hans Wagner jumped into big league action, batting over .300 as recruits, and they've never lost the habit since. No instruction turned any of these people into exponents of swat. They were already there before the first instructor arrived.

Either There—or Not There.

Now and then a weak hitter is turned into a good one and given the insignia in the order of Sons of Swat.

Zach Wheat, the Dodger star, hit only .220 in the Southern, while he immediately jumped above .300 in the National.

But as a rule a batsman hits fairly close to his natural groove. You can figure him a .240 hitter, a .270 hitter, or a .300 hitter, and not miss the mark many points.

Nature has stamped her figures in his orb, and there is no great room to vary even under the best coaching in the game.

A Matter of Eye and Timing.

We have seen Nap Lajoie step out on Southern training trips and give an exhibition of eye the first day out beyond belief.

For five months he hadn't swung a bat or looked at a pitched ball. Yet, in that first day out, we have seen pitchers in an attempt to slip one past throw the ball on a bound to the plate, over his head and even back of him, only to have the big Frenchman pump it back like a carbine in action. He needed no practice at the bat. He could begin hitting speed and curve ball pitching on the first of March, ten minutes after he had donned his uniform after a winter rest.

Indian Lore.

McGraw improved Chief Meyers' batting wonderfully for two reasons: in the first place, the chief had a natural eye and a pair of powerful arms; in the second place, he was willing to work and learn and figure for himself. He is the best example of the "made batsman" in baseball. He would have been a good hitter—but never a great one—without this instruction. Today he is one of the most feared people at the bat in the game.

This brings us again to the case of Thorpe. McGraw will have no trouble ahead developing this man as a felder. Speed and practice, properly worked, will eliminate this kink.

Thorpe's chance to star under the Big Tent rests with the natural focus of his batting eye. If he hasn't got it—if the intuition isn't there—it will never be put there by any human agency.

The Eternal Bar.

Some of the greatest fielding stars the game ever knew were never able to leave the Bush through this inherent weakness at bat. When the

Climbers' Veterans Off to Training Camp

Manager Griffith and his veterans are off for Charlottesville today, and will join General Ryan's rookies late tonight. All the members of the team received instructions were admonished to be on hand for the Charlottesville train. Shanks, Milam, Sheer, Moeller, and Schaefer, of the outfielders; Gandil, Morgan, McBride, and LaPorte, the infielders; and Johnson, Groom, Hughes, Engel, Henry, and Williams will be in the party. The squad arrives in Charlottesville shortly after 10 o'clock.

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instinct isn't there you can't jam it in, and the instinct must be there before a man can never sit among the elect of Slugville.

A raw fielder, with speed, who can hit the ball will soon be one of the stars of the game.

A brilliant fielder, who can't hit will, nine times out of ten, stick where he is. The trail upward is barred by a rampart he can never climb.

We have seen fielders in the Bush who were on a par with Cobb, Milam, Speaker, Paskert, or Carey. They looked Class Triple A pursuing the long drive to its lair across the outfield plain.

But at the bat they couldn't hit the Pacific Ocean with a Gatling gun, stationed at the edge of ebb tide. And that let 'em out. It was a case thereafter of \$200 per with Zanesville, where fielders hardly in their class were pointed toward \$5,000 per and Boston, Chicago, or New York.

The only ranking batsman we ever saw fade out quickly, almost as a flame in a wind, was George Stone, of St. Louis. He led the league one year, and two seasons later was back in the minors. It was either a flash or some subsequent ailment caught hold of his batting eye and the floor fell out from under him.

A good batsman, with the right nerve, will hit as well in a big league as in a minor. Jackson, Cobb, Speaker, Milam, Wheat, and many others compiled thicker figures in the Big Show than they were able to develop in less carnivorous society.

You can develop fielding, pitching, base running, and the rest of it—but the batting eye either is or isn't. At which point the debate comes to an end.



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Good Drug Shops most everywhere. Remember the name—MUSTARATED CAMPHOLINE.

Georgetown Preps To Run at Richmond

Georgetown Preparatory School's crack relay four, which defeated the Technical High School quartet by a big margin at the Georgetown University games on last Saturday will enter the Richmond College games in the Virginia capital on March 8 and the followers of the early day legends are confident that another victory will be annexed, no matter what scholastic organization they are matched to run against by the Richmond management.

Just what team will be pitted against the Prep four has not been decided, but it is not unlikely that the Episcopal High School team, of Alexandria will oppose the West End youngsters along with the Woodberry Forest School four and the Briarly Hall Academy team of Poolesville, Md.

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BOB THAYER'S Sporting Gossip

"Every Knock is a Lost."

Playing ball.

General Ryan has his army in fairly good shape for the long self preparatory to the season's opening and the boys at Charlottesville, while a trifle stiff from yesterday's workout, should find consolation in the fact that they will soon become used to it. Think what the veterans will have to endure in the next two weeks.

Georgetown wins.

The Blue and Gray handed it to the Woodrow Wilson in approved style at the Arcade last night, taking the Tigers into camp and incidentally evening up for the defeat administered earlier in the year. Princeton was beaten by a Georgetown team that was better than any other representing the Hill-toppers in many years.

All here now.

All of the Nationals get here just to go off to Charlottesville. After the parade today the remainder of the Climbers will set sail for Charlottesville. Then the real work of preparation will start and games will be played frequently, although Griffith is wise in not starting things in full swing until the stiffness is worn out of the arms and legs.

Mike Murphy III.

Poor Mike Murphy slips quickly into Philadelphia to prevent a reception from the Penn athletes and students, who hold him in the highest regard. He will aid in coaching the trip team again as he has broken his body. Murphy's loyalty to Penn is one of the finest examples. He is a sick man, is doomed, and yet holds tenaciously to what little life he has to help old Penn.

Air for Milan.

There isn't a single fan who does not want to see "Red" Milan crack the league record for base-stealing again this season. The Tennessee Flyer will go right after the mark from the start of the season. Milan is always in good condition, and while he is a trifle under weight at present, Griffith will let him take it easy until he is increased in weight.

Looks for record.

Koene, Fitzpatrick, the Syracuse trainer, looks for a new record in the 100-yard dash. Fitzpatrick points to all of the records made by Jones, Meredith, and Riedpath in the mile, half, and quarter. If there is a disposition to award a record such as that given to Dan Kelly, there is no doubt but that Fitzpatrick's prediction will be justified.

Krause Goes to Portland.

Despite denials that Harry Krause would be permitted to Toledo to stay on the coast, as he desired, it is stated that the sending of Benny Henderson by Portland to Toledo means that Krause will go to Portland.

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